BLUE GRASS REGION.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VIRGINIAN IN CENTRAL KENTUCKY.

What the Women Have Done—The Future of the Horse Business—Influence for Good and Bad.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 29.—Special.—I landed in Lexington among a group of philanthropists and reformers. For some days I heard of little but the Protestant Infirmary maintained by the ladies of the Church Guild, the Catholic Hospital cared for by the Sisters of Charity, the House of Mercy managed by a board of devout women, with various other organizations officered by females.

Among those worthy of special mention is the Woman's Club of central Kentucky connected with the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, bringing within the scope many departments. In the intervals of attention to philanthropy and public interests there is a great deal of church going and the usual amount of social engagements, generally found in well-to-do towns of 25,000 or so population. This activity and prominence of the feminine contingent came somewhat in the nature of a surprise to me. In truth my ideas and associations with the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky were all connected with men and horses, and I had hitherto heard little of the part taken by women in the community.

There is an independent tone about the women here noticably different from that of Southern women generally though the majority of the prominent families are descendants of Virginians and Tennesseeans.

This may be in part due to the fact that Kentucky is a much newer State than any of those on the Atlantic coast. The pioneers were making their way by bridle paths in the Kentucky forest, more than a hundred and fifty years after Virginia was an organized community.

Then it was evident that slavery with its enervating influences never had the hold in Kentucky that it gained in the older States. With Ohio so close at her side, and the great, growing, free West just beyond, there must have been a more liberal atmosphere even where the rich soil was tilled by the bondman than was possible in districts where the slave power was strengthened by adjacent slave holding regions.

The white women who had endured the hardships of pioneer life, realized their value to the country, and the men who made the laws seemed able to see that they were entitled to some interest in the land they had helped to secure from the savages. In remodelling their constitution more than forty years ago, a clause was introduced giving to widows and spinsters holding property a voice in school affairs.

Having made a good start in the direction of equal rights it has not been as difficult in this as in many other States to cultivate the doctrines taught by the National Woman Suffrage Association.

WOMEN HOLD OFFICE.

The Kentucky Equal Rights Society, organized in 1888, has secured from the General Assembly some notable change in the law with regard to married women. They have also introduced co-education into the State colleges, and are doing good work in the direction of prison reform.

It seemed time for some one to lift up a voice "in the cause of those appointed to destruction," for until a very recent date boys as young as eight years had been confined in the penitentiary.

Until the Equal Rights Association petitioned for a reformatory, no one in Kentucky had thought there was any objection to placing juvenile offenders with old and hardened criminals.

It does not seem to grate upon the masculine sensibilities here to have women holding office in cities and counties, and quite a number are county superintendents and notaries public. Women have held the position of State Librarian and women physicians are being appointed in the insane asylums.

Of course, all this stalwart sentiment on the subject of feminine occupation enables women who are so inclined to study professions, and it is not considered remarkable for a young woman to take up law or medicine, any more than to devote herself to a musical or literary career. It is quite a common thing for a woman who has inherited property in the country to farm her own land, and do it successfully.

A splendid type of women is evolved among those who from necessity or choice pursue that healthful and happy occupation. It is scarcely needful to add that, notwithstanding the prominence of women here, men and horses are very much in evidence.

It has been said that Lexington is a man's town, and it is undoubtedly also the domain of horses. Nowhere else have I seen stables in the principal streets. The Lexington stable is indeed an institution quite different from that unsavory establishment in most localities. The principal stables not only include accommodations for horses, and a large hall used by the men for discussion of the markets, gossip, &c., but also an office or reception-room for ladies.

THE HORSE BUSINESS.

It is indeed a great convenience in a region where everybody drives something, from the noble, highbred trotter down to the sturdy little Shetland pony, hardly larger than a Newfoundland dog, to have a place to leave the horse and vehicle; and if need be the wraps and packages; also, to collect the scattered members of the country party before leaving town. A schoolgirl coming in her little pony phaeton, or a matron, with the season's shopping on her mind, drive into the stable and make arrangements for the care of their possessions, as they shake off the dust of travel, and straighten their hats for the street.

It's not a common to see a party of gentlemen comfortably seated in the entrance smoking cigars and discussing the latest horse sale.

What is the future of the horse is a momentous question in the Blue Grass country to-day. One hears all sorts of answers to the query. Extremists in one direction say the horse is doomed, that the bicycle and other new inventions have killed it. Those who are wedded to their idols, go to the other extreme and declare that the great depression in the horse business in the last few years has been due to the general depression and depreciation of all values, that breeders and dealers had been overstocked, and that the delectable quadruped is fast regaining its position, and will again bring high prices as of yore.

The idolater of the equine interest will sometimes go so far as to say that bicycles, electric cars, horseless vehicles, all count for naught and have no influence on the horse market.

Perhaps the safe plan would be to strike a happy medium between such opposite views. It is idle to say that the millions invested in the wonderful mechanical inventions of our day, and their steadily increasing adoption by the traveling public are not worth considering. It would have been as useless for the wagoner on the country road to ignore the first steam engine. But after fifty years of steam, there are still wagons and country roads.

THE MANY RIVALS.

So after all the millions have mounted wheels who believe in the bicycle, and all the car companies have taken to electricity, and the motorcycle is more popular than the delivery wagon of today, there will still be demand for man's long time four-footed friend and favorite. Generations will probably pass before the sport-loving class will give up horse-racing or the lover of luxury the fleet-footed and affectionate animal who responds with almost human intelligence to man's wishes when riding or driving. Can any machine possibly be invented which will give the pleasure afforded by the faithful creature who is companion as well as servant to man?

But when it comes down to a question of dollars and cents, let him who deals in horse these days, move cautiously. A business man who has for years given time and attention to the subject says horses will never again be what they have been in the Blue Grass region.

Marvels have been accomplished here by selection and training, the record has been reduced to what seemed an impossibility in earlier times.

Like the dogs of black St. Hubert's breed, the Kentucky horses are "unmatched for courage, strength and speed" but the success of the horse business has not been an unmixed blessing for the Blue Grass country. If it has made the best horses and whiskey, it has also made many gamblers and drunkards. It has retarded many of the best interests of the Commonwealth.

A Kentuckian deploring the low state of education in this district said: "A horseman does not hesitate to give a thousand dollars for a trainer for his horses, who will haggle at a hundred for a teacher for his children." This beautiful region offers great possibilities for agricultural products, and many a farmer who has given all his thoughts to horses will do well to beat his spurs into pruning hooks and turn his attention to fruit culture, dairying, sheep raising and many other means of living which promise good returns. If he does so, he will soon find a better and more wholesome atmosphere for his household, and in the end will have no reason to regret parting with the horse which it has been observed, is himself the noblest of animals, but two often exerts a bad influence upon man.

ORRA LAUGHORNE.

Mosby's Story.

In the year of 186— I was a student at the University of Virginia, and one gant, dandy Jim Wiltshire, a medical student, was one of my particular chums. Jim was a six-footer, lithe and supple, with dark hair and eyes, a clear complexion, and altogether a very handsome fellow. Jim was a trump in every way. In those days the plank walk worn out "endurin' o' de wah" had not yet been replaced, so that when it rained the way from the University to the city of Charlottesville was muddy beyond compare. Those were the days of "union leagues" among the niggers, and "six acres and a mule politics," and party feeling ran high. The darkies who waited upon the students in the several boarding houses in the University and were obsequious enough there, went to the other extreme outside the college limits, and to show "dat dee was free," did not hesitate to form a solid phalanx on the walkway between college and town, especially on muddy days and give students the alternative of breaking through their serried ranks or getting entirely off the sidewalk into the county road. Well, one spring afternoon I was coming from Charlottesville to the University with Jim Wiltshire, and at a point where the walkway was high above the road and very narrow we were about to meet a file of negro waiters extended company front entirely across the sidewalk. Rather than have any difficulty with the nigs, I was about to get off of the sidewalk down into the road, when Jim said: "Joe, where are you going?" I said "into the road to avoid a collision with those darkies." Stand by me," said Jim. "I'll fix 'em." So I stood by Jim. On the negroes came, apparently bent on sweeping us into the road, and when they got within about ten feet of Jim he said: "Don't you touch my clothes. I warn you don't you do it," and made a motion as if he had a pistol, but he had none. The darkies halted and parleyed for a moment then on they came. Jim selected the biggest nigger in the front rank and when he got near enough Jim plugged him between the eyes and down he rolled into the road below: Such a stampede had hardly been witnessed since the first battle of Manassas, with perhaps the exception of the "Buckland Races," or the stampede at Rome, Ga., in 1864, and Jim and I had a clear track that day, and on every other day, for it was enough for the niggers to see the tall form of Jim in the van of the students for them to at once "prepare to pass an obstacle."

Jim Wiltshire was a lieutenant under Mosby, and when Col. John S. Mosby came to the University, Jim was so urgent in his invitation to me to go with him to see Mosby that I yielded and went. I was afraid Col. Mosby would think I came only from a morbid curiosity to see so illustrious a captain as he, but he didn't seem to take that view of the matter, was delighted to see Jim, and entertained a crowd of students, young ladies, and others by telling war stories. He told many in which Jim Wiltshire figured, but the only one I can recall now was to this effect:

"A train had been thrown off the track of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and all of the older men in the command made at once for the postal and express cars to capture the boodle, but the young handsome fellows headed by Jim made for the ladies car to see if there were any pretty girls on board, and as this galant young crew marched down the aisle of the car there was a very considerable alarm among the gentle ladies, and as Wiltshire got about the middle of the car, a very handsome, stylish, blooming girl of about eighteen suddenly arose from her seat, and, apparently satisfied with the handsome appearance of the young officer, threw her arms around his neck and laying her head on his shoulder sobbed in terror, "Oh Mister, save me! Save me!! I am a mason's daughter!!!" "Never fear Miss," said the gallant Jim, "I am a mason's son, and suiting his actions to his words he put his arms around her yielding waist and drew her fair head down upon his shoulder. And it is said that the fair damsel was not like Rachel of old in that she did not refuse to be comforted.

"M.C."

Reply to Mr. Jones.

Editor of The Times:

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Wiley Jones, fairly convicts me of carelessness in attaching the preposition, eis to St. Paul's application to the High Priest for letters to Damascus in Acts ix. 1, but can he have failed to observe that eis does occur in this verse and in a connection just as impossible of its being translated "into" as if it were as I first stated? Would Mr. Jones be willing to say that "Saul was breathing out threatenings and slaughter into the disciples of the Lord?"

As to the other place, Acts vii. 26, if Mr. Jones will consider his text more carefully he will find that the Deacon Philip is directed to go, not to that part of the road which enters into Gaza, leading through a rich alluvial plain, but to a section of the "road which goes down from Jerusalem towards Gaza," that runs through the desert country which lies east of the Philistine plain.

All this seems much ado about nothing. It belongs to first principles that eis cannot always nor even generally be translated "into." I suppose no one will object to Liddell and Scott's lexicon as final authority. It says "—Radical sense, direction towards, motion to, in or into."

Your correspondent, "Another Layman," says the final word as to the polemical use that has been made by the immersionists of this statement of the translators in 1611 that Philip and the Eunuch both went down into the water.

It is my humble opinion that if these wise old bishops and pastors of the Church of England, who themselves baptized by aspersion, could have foreseen what we now see they would have treated this innocent preposition differently.

J. F. PLUMMER.

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